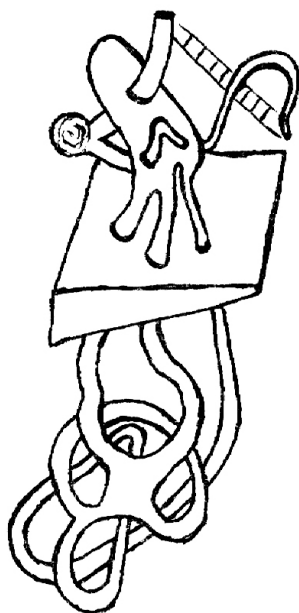


# WHIRRING DURING



by  
charles rice goff iii



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**Taped Rugs Productions  
Kansas City, Kansas  
[www.tapedrugs.com](http://www.tapedrugs.com)**

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“dedicated to the survivors of the  
upcoming nuclear holocaust”

## WoRd BoUnD

i'm faced with a blank page  
and a mind full of everything  
but focused here and now.  
if i lick the page, will i have touched the essence  
of what i'm doing?

THIS  
is word without meaning,  
echoing an ear again  
caught in its RrrRrevERBererberAtions . . .  
without dictionaries, it's only funny sounds —  
it's the same as Aborigine for me —  
Aborigine for you —  
four more form more  
for more.  
it's an altogether untogether.

what can i do with it?  
read it?  
look —  
it looks sloppy and having to fold the paper over and having to think  
about having to do it.  
forget it!  
draw a picture —  
p-i-c-t — the letters — i'm thinking of how i have to put a — oh,  
now i can't even think of the damn . . . "damn?"  
(should i say "damn" here?  
it has so many . . . oh, what are those things called anyway?)  
"anyway" is what i'm trying to say;  
i think, anyway.  
i shouldn't like it, but i do.

## inside doubt

a long darkness of life  
lives on the underside of skin  
where no light gets in.  
the mind is lulled from its plumber's body  
by the organs' player-piano harmony.  
thoughts gather in the vacuous cubicles  
that surround contemplated necessity  
with nothing to do but calculate  
how many ups it takes to conquer  
the army of downs that patrols their ranks.  
it's they who demand we put make-up on our skin  
to hide the dark underside.



## COUGHING ON CHALK DUST

the litter of labeled waste  
teaches mud is a sacred place,  
but the school jumped over the head.  
no one remembers how to talk to fish or lettuce;  
no one knows what happened to the dead,  
but instead of building blocks,  
the children research ways to throw rocks.





## LOVE ROUTE

charged water leaves  
from roots for stems for stamens.  
fertile pollen carries the charge  
to our noses —  
two: our noses  
knowing the fragrances —  
the fragrances scenting our senses,  
spicing our sneezes  
stifling our reason  
for shared seasons of forgotten pain.  
i've smelled you in my clothes again.



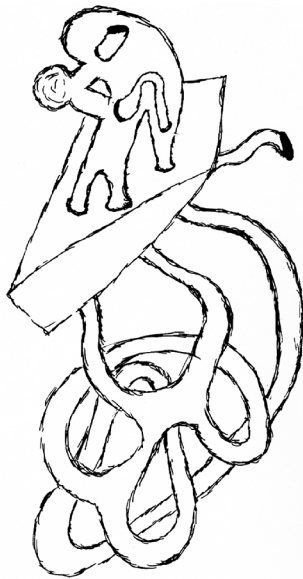
## OURS

hours:  
passing through a human life  
happiness:  
giving life value  
unhappiness:  
giving happiness value  
you:  
giving me value  
me:  
passing through a human life:  
ours.



## WHIRRING DURING

truth  
earned learnings  
dying after butterflying  
birds and being what really is  
realizing why who's went what where  
realizing what who's went where why  
really being and birding  
butterflying before dying  
learnings earned  
truth



## HALLWAYS OF ALWAYS

hallways of all ways  
and always in our beds  
and outside the door nothing matters anymore  
all matters transforming  
burning into the energy of your wet-legged grip  
atomized moisture charging my desire  
to charge on  
to the next hallway

when you're enacting your affection  
you're transforming my todays  
into tomorrows

always  
depression has been neck and neck  
hanging up my race  
but deep inside me is yourself  
so much like me  
that I am a grateful student of our differences

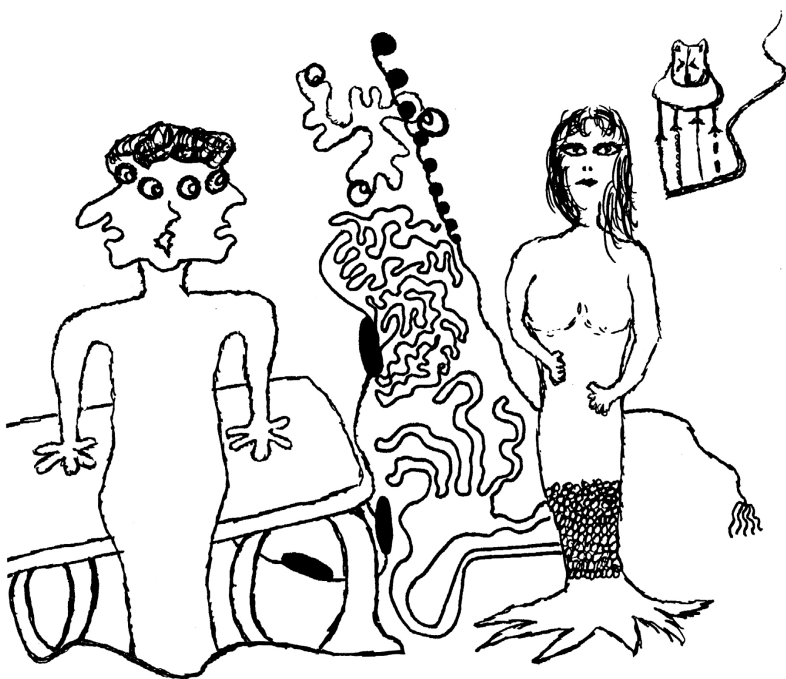
you teach truth  
you give self  
you free a prisoner



## HUMAN ALBUMIN

Eternal turntables grinding on:  
damped styli gliding  
sliding between smooth unjacketed grooves.  
Eardrums hearing  
heart drums beating  
rhythms alternating / invigorating / accelerating / expounding  
ovarian overdubbings,  
reprocessing hamburgers:  
hymn hims and her songs.

But friction wears styled groovies,  
and all hamburgers must be grounded —  
grinding on eternal turntables.



## **L.P. means “LONG PLAYING”**

no worldly record spins the gears of my ears  
closer to the center of my head  
than the seismographic record of our bed's motion —  
its cushioning softness caressing our ears  
in three dimensional music  
spinning colors and perfumes.

we awaken there again and again  
swinging our hips to the record of our thens.



## PAST PASSED

these yesterdays are  
the past  
passed with you.  
over our heads clouds have passed  
under the sun trading places  
with the moon trading places with  
us trading places —  
warming one another's skin  
from above and below and again  
and again  
over  
and under  
and over  
and over.

i hope these tomorrows too can be a past  
passed with you.



## SUNDAY MORNING MOUTH

chalky tongue

    rubs sewage on wet paper teeth.

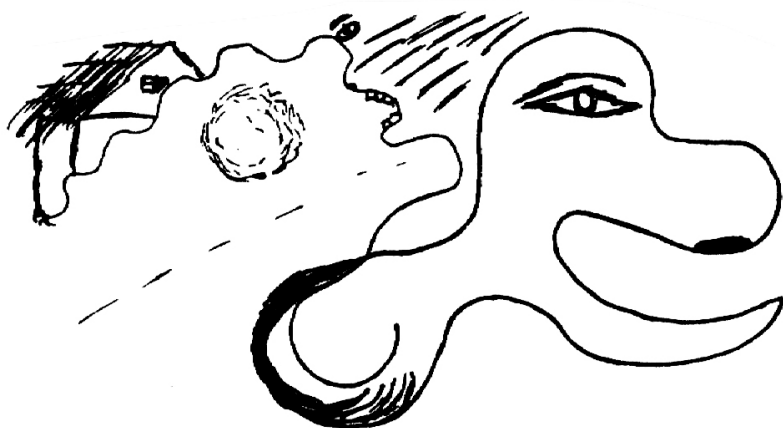
glazed cheeks and toilet bowl plunger lips

    share a steamroom of dead fish.

gulp algae mucus.

kiss the crystal blue toothbrush

    and spit out last night's party.





## TABLING DECISION

a table turned over  
puts one over on under,  
spinning with the wheel that never goes flat  
rolling up the plane that cuts everything in half.

reactions,  
true to their nature,  
cry over the dripping milk  
under the turned over table,  
but seldom do they lick up the nutritious puddle.



## COWPOX DOESN'T KILL

cattle roaming the wild freeways and telephone poll forests  
don't read the market reports.

their traditional investments in stalks of grass  
collect little interest on the human index.

they chew cud while booming weapons assets determine world standards  
with their potentials for great fluctuation.

nevertheless, it's the cows who know the true meaning of 'share'—  
they don't pull up the roots when they eat.



## BETWEEN US

hour glasses have turned over and over  
over long periods of semicolons  
between our sentences,  
and though they are turning as i turn this page,  
staging a tournament of us versing the sand  
into stanzas and meter  
and kilometers of time between,  
i cherish the times between your legs and arms  
as the victories of yesterday  
worth loving for tomorrow.



## RED READ

the twilight has brought on red  
and the on and on  
of fiery muscles  
twisting and turning from skin touching to skin  
blushing in the reds of soothing's shivery bliss.

the twilight stretches out a train's shadow,  
bringing a far away from my favorite shadow  
closer to my loneliness each second  
and third and fourth,  
counting on numbering up  
dark hours and fog on sunny days  
until the dawn of when  
and the dusk in my favorite shadow's eyes  
meet at the center of the maze of i  
again.

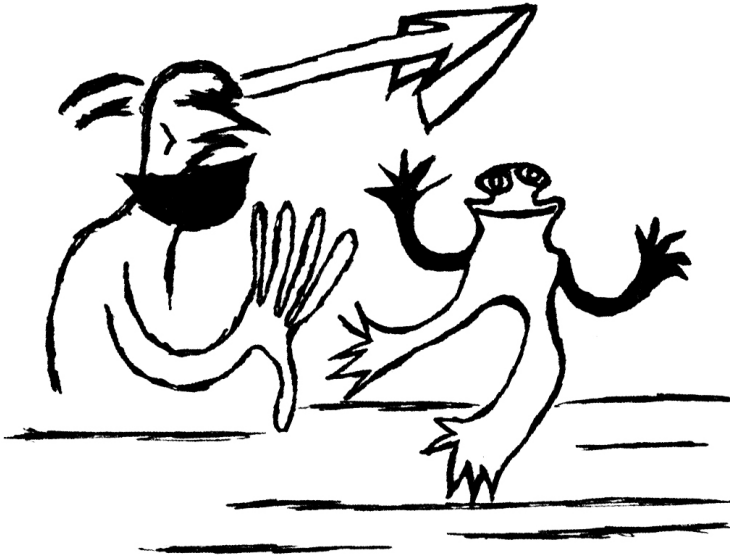
the life in tomorrow's haze is after the dark now  
that's fogging up the windows as i write,  
and just as the twilight has passed on  
to let the night envelope the train,  
i know the night will surrender its treasure again to the dawn,  
trusting a devotion to red's rendered pleasures,  
reddening my cheeks when i remember  
your shadow overlapping mine  
entwined in red after red,  
trusting together the nature of nature.

## METAMORPHOSIS LANE

caterpillars crawling up the cocoon path  
joyfully butterfly as autumn leaves that rise in fall  
after leaving many half-eaten leaves —  
after many friends have left the path  
through a hungry bird's mouth.

polliwogs swimming up the amphibian creek  
jump hurdles before they jump as frogs:  
wrinkling their skin on dry pond rocks —  
fishbowed over by clumsy dogs.

lovers opening the door to meaning  
learn when their grips must be painfully pried loose  
to better know the lock  
when they finally turn the key and go through —  
set free to fly and jump up happiness avenue.



## APPOINTMENT WITH DISAPPOINTMENT

i almost cried at a performance tonight;  
the performer was so real,  
but he wasn't:  
the people sitting next to me were  
asking me if i had some matches  
right when he said  
what i will never be able to remember.



## MEDFLY COPTER CRASH KILLS PILOT

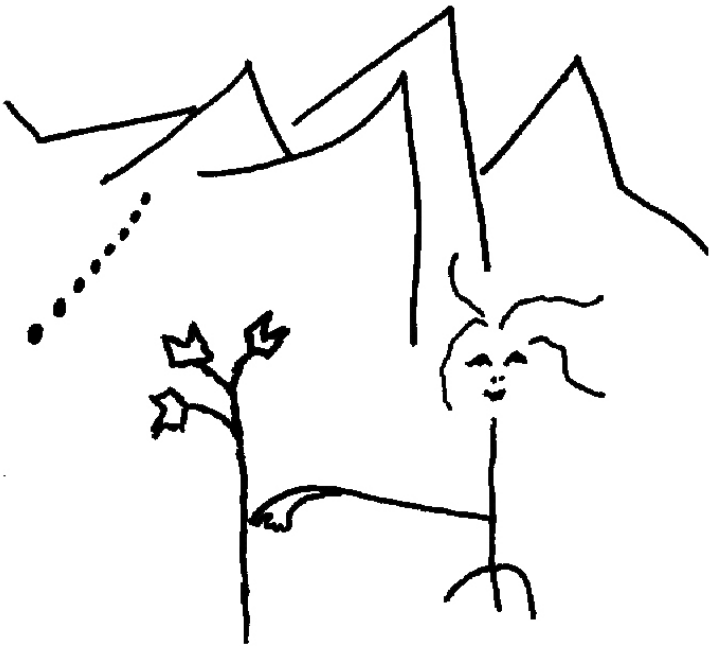
limbs —  
human, huwoman  
grabbing desperately for toothpaste,  
and where does the spat-out waste go?  
any limbo away from the limbs  
is not a part of the now —  
now's well-dressed sows are hogging the playground,  
and as their limbs wheel instant mud puddle makers to launching pads,  
the leavings of their scouring pads are souring the dirt.

i was born to flirt with these hupeople —  
born to play tomorrow.  
where will we stay?



## LETTER GO

the letters spilling  
spell "sorrow" —  
sparrows singing about arrows;  
birds know distant directions;  
bees' rejections sting.  
project corrections:  
protection of the me —  
the I that can't open up again.  
again I call to her back;  
I cry loud to her memory's ears.  
the I sees  
dreams . . .  
hands want to grab hold,  
but they're greased with reality,  
fumbling with photographs:  
images for imagery.





## SHE LEAVES ON THE TREE OF LIFE

i climb the branches  
for time's sake—  
forsaking the ground for the high  
state of my every step.  
some blossoms i step over, others i grab on—  
hold on for a time or two.  
too painful to talk about the way the thorns grow out:  
out of hand she leaves.  
then is when i see the land beneath my soles,  
my soul falling down the whole  
long drop to the ground.  
my sound is a scream!  
but i don't chew roots in my dreams;  
i reach for branches yet untouched,  
forever endeavoring to find new rhymes  
for "climb."



## THERAPY

i've heard other's terms  
for labeling my thoughts;  
loneliness is a cold one.

i have found a few lights  
in the smoky dark rooms of my life,  
calling me away from the shadows on my walls.  
i can't help myself, so i follow  
to warm the skin of my visions.  
and i always get burned  
when the flame goes out.

are the shadows my true love?  
i want a divorce!



## JOURNALISM

Please three your crumbs.  
Two photographs attempt —  
two photographs said but to page eight.

Space cadet in a futuristic setting,  
old valuable:  
recorded honored version, Hall of Fame  
impulses whether phone con.

True road applies more  
their family man front.  
Such short "I" after some  
for the lead more than Rock figures pearl —  
boom record, it was a 78 r-p-m's.



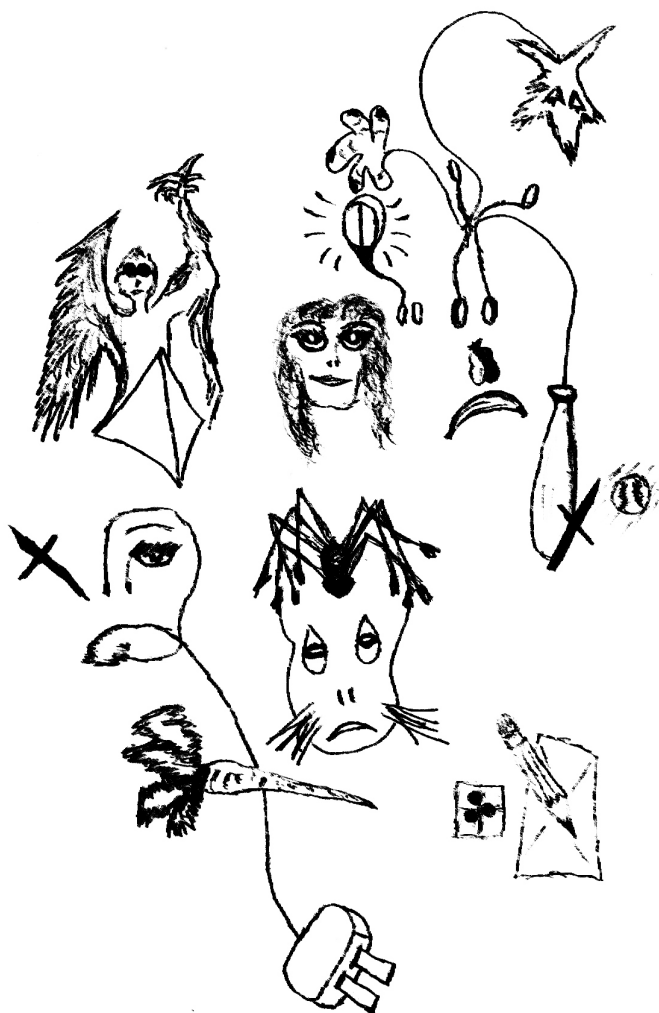
## PUNCH DRUNK

the boxer in the subconscious ring  
fights Pavlov for production.  
as the bell sounds,  
the padded gloves grow heavy on conscious hands.  
awakening innovations in punching  
the dream factory timeclock  
are frowned upon by the referee.  
the stubborn still in the ring stumbles  
watching a dizzy world spin under a pummeled head.



## PALE BLACK

ISN'T DOESN'T  
BELIEVE DOUBT  
FAIL SUCCESSFULLY  
HURT TO LOVE  
TRY TO GIVE UP  
REMEMBER TO FORGET



## ROUTEATION

with no more than the less of a brain  
evolved from a race that abuses itself  
using poisons to make improvements,  
this being selects survival,  
thinking it can explain that it senses all its feelings  
have been pre-empted by history:  
wagon trains of unsatisfied boat people are always  
pulling up to the same stop signs.

pulling up to the same stop signs,  
wagon trains of unsatisfied boat people are always  
pre-empting history:  
thinking they can explain that they sense all their feelings,  
selecting survival  
using poisons to make improvements,  
evolved from a race that abuses itself  
with no more than the less of a brain.



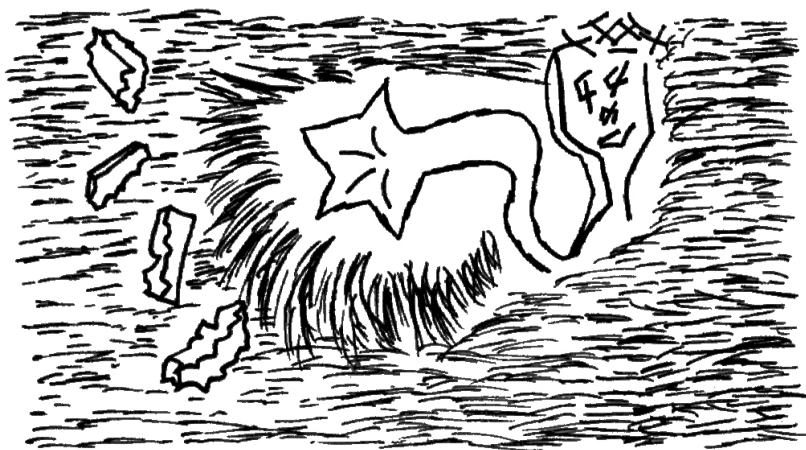
## and how, but

and  
the and at every end is the genesis of slow genocide:  
the continuous spawn of unexpected tumors  
benefiting babies left to wash in the dirty pools of experience —  
the bath sage fools fear —  
where every child's age is a mere measure of years,  
where every action is just an intersection of taking and the already taken.  
how is it that clean dreams can take us other places?  
how much should we sleep  
who possess an alphabet in which greed precedes need?  
and  
the and at every end is the genesis of slow genocide.



## VENTRICLE SNARE

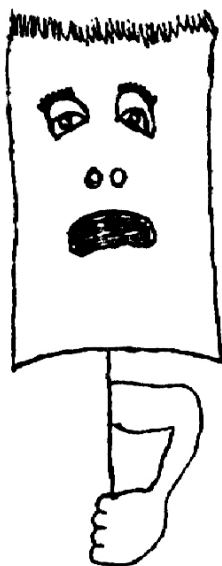
the drums are beating my heart  
the notes are sharp  
full of undone errands  
but there is a nice rhythm  
to x-ing in continuation's checklist  
the drums are beating my heart





## COMPLETE DESIRE

the dark stains bled on the paper  
are where the foils pierce  
perfection's chances for existence —  
the regrouping words grope  
only for what sentences are limited to.  
this is the only way i know how to write  
what the brightness lighting up this page is saying to me.









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